

### VOL IX.]

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# THE REINDEER.

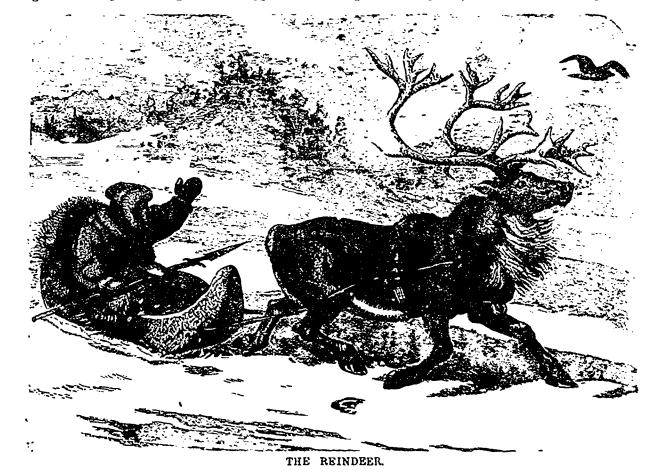
Is not this 2 fine way of travelling? What magnificent branching horns the reindeer has! aud what a cosy, confortable-looking sleigh! Wrapped in his warm furs, Mr. Laplander skims over the frozen snow. The reindeer has been known to travel nineteen miles in a single hour, and a hundred and fifty miles in pineteen hours, drawing 250 or 300 pounds weight. were supposed to have gone to sleep, to

### A PEEP INSIDE A HINDU TEMPLE.

### BY AN INDIA MISSIONARY.

( ve day, when I was walking through a Hindu village, suddenly a number of bells began to ring most vigoronely, and on looking round I saw, to the left, a Hindu temple, and then I knew the ringing of the bells was to wake up the gods, who tone, verses from their sacred books. Before the gods were large brass plates on which were placed offerings, consisting of rice, vegetables, flowers, and fruit. On the goddess Durga were several costly ornaments of gold and silver, which had been presented by someone who hoped by this means to obtain her favour and blessing.

As I left the temple I could not help



Daring the long Arctic night, by the light of the full moon or of the Northern Lights, the Laps make long journeys and really enjoy life far better than we would think mit possible in their severe climate. Under the preaching and teaching of Moravian missionaries, who have shared their humble odges, many of the Laps have been convarted to Christianity.

KEEP innocent if you would be happy.

vantured to enter. I found it to be dismal enough inside, almost dark, except where here and there a small iron grating let in a gleam of light.

My entrance had been unobserved by a Brahman priest who was kneeling devoutly before a large, hideous-looking image of Durga and several other gods, repeating, or rather muttering, in a low, monotonous up in a sick-room.

come to their evaning worship. Seeing no feeling that if costly gifts were thus one outside, and prompted by curiosity, I offered to idols of clay, would, and stone which cin neither see, hear, por understand, surely we should by willing to give ourselves and the best of overything wa possess to Him who has given himself for us.

> Do not pul: that pretty flower to pieces. Carry it to somebody who is shut